THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

L. III.] [No. 26.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1803.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXV.

HIS morning I have nothing to do, for the cation of my readers, but, like the penny , to present a letter, and make my bow. author of the essay, which forms this day's ulation, is an English gentleman, who some- s honours me with his correspondence. ugh he may be too grave for a writer of so h levity, as the Lounger, yet his pure senti- ts, and elegant expression, will be admired nore than half of my readers.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

f we consider the mischievous consequences ngratitude, it is impossible to brand it with cient detestation. Wherever its baneful in- nce extends, the confidence of friendship is mitted to cool, society has lost its relish, and becomes a stranger to man. For the honour umanity, let us hope that it is not so exten- as some would represent, and, since we not easily trace its workings, let us be cautious we accuse a fellow-creature of this odious me, without indubitable evidence of his guilt. eed, if none be exempted from the charge, have not returned an equivalent for every our, conferred upon them, the contagion is ely spread, and few can be pronounced clear the stain. But shall he, whose situation in precludes him from any opportunity of mak- an adequate return for a benefit, be called grateful? Are the workings of the mind, the rcise of reciprocal good offices, to be regulated the cold, cautious calculations of commercial idence?——No;—the flame of gratitude may a living principle in his breast, though the erity of his lot should condemn him to re- ss the generous purposes of his soul. And no e, but he who has felt them, can tell the anxie- s of a mind thus necessitated to brood in silence r a debt, which he is unable to discharge.

There are three descriptions of men, who are to entertain wrong ideas upon the subject: se who wish to relieve, but whose acts of dness are tinctured with avarice; those who, ssessing an independency, have formed to emselves the narrow-spirited resolution never confer or receive an obligation; and those o are smarting under the recent wounds of ungrateful return to their generosity.

The man, who stretches forth his hand to ieve the distresses of a brother, and withdraws with an avaricious timidity, in order to settle e terms of his assistance, may behold him rish by the ill-timed delay, will infallibly lose e name of Friend in that of Usurer, and must t be surprised if he be repaid with the coldness indifference, instead of the warmth of affection. t, perhaps, such a character would be the first to complain of the ingratitude of mankind. But before he accuses others, he should examine himself;—he should consider whether his own memory has not proved a traitor to the cause of gratitude; and, since his notions are so very exact, whether of all that has been done for him in his childhood, at his outsetting in life, and during the various stages of it, much has not been forgotten, or at best but slightly noticed. It is not improbable, but, in consequence of such an examination, he would find the very crime, of which he so loudly exclaims, lurking in his own bosom. Let him become more humble, from the mortifying reflection, and learn to pardon the failings of others, from a sense of his own deficiency.

Little is he acquainted with the nature or value of the social contract, who boasts of never having lent or borrowed a shilling. He may exult in the consciousness of independence, but the joys of friendship can never be his;—he even doubts of its existence. That union of souls, which forms the chief enjoyment of the feeling breast, is beyond the sphere of his comprehension. His cold, hard heart beats not at the calls of humanity—self-interest is its only mover. But should he ever be reduced to the condition of those who are, at times, obliged to rely on the assistance of others, (and who can foresee the vicissitudes of fortune), he may wish, that the feelings he once affected to despise, were exerted in his behalf, and look up for compassion to those very men whose benevolence, in the insolence of wealth, he treated with derision, while the recollection of his own barbarity plants a dagger in his breast, more deadly than the scorpion's sting.

The man who is smarting under the recent wounds of ingratitude, is, perhaps, the most pardonable, for repressing the ardour of his liberality. Yet, if it be rightly considered, that bounty cannot proceed from a proper motive, nor can that kindness be disinterested, which it is in the power of ingratitude to check. And though many may complain, not, perhaps, without reason, of ungrateful returns, yet it cannot be doubted, that if a spirit of benevolence were more prevalent, instances of ingratitude would be less common. There is no trait in the character of the amiable Dr. Fothergill, which is more pleasing than his extensive charity. To use the language of his elegant Biographer,—"His was not the droplike bounty, which pauses in its progress; it was full, flowing, and benign. Although, amidst the diffusion of his favours, he too frequently met with painful returns, yet he would never allow instances of this sort to check the ardour of his mind in doing all the good he could to others; and even to those who returned ingratitude for kindness, his charity continued still patient, hoping all things. It was his common expression, when he found his favours misapplied, or himself imposed upon,—I had much rather that my favours should fall upon many undeserving objects, than that one truly deserving should escape my notice." Surely there is nothing more likely to awaken a lively sense of gratitude, than this noble behaviour, this cheerful generosity, in performing an act of kindness, which shews it was not done so much in hopes of a return, as for the advantage of the receiver. Often may we behold the languid eye brighten into rapture,—often may we behold the silent tear trickle down the woe-worn cheek, on the sight of a small offering, at the shrine of Humanity—What more can we look for? The man of real benevolence will avoid even these testimonies of gratitude, feeling a sufficient reward for his bounty, in the approbation of his own conscience.

How blest is he, whose evening ramble strays
Where droop the sons of Indigence and care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at small expense, their fondest pray'r.

And, oh! the joy, to shun the conscious light,
To spare the modest blush, to give unseen!
Like show'rs that fall beneath the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

In every discussion it becomes us, as men, and as Christians, to look beyond the limits of this world. Soon will the present gasp of life be over, and in the place whither we are all hastening, there will be no distinction of persons—the high and the low, the rich and the poor, are all equal in the sight of that impartial judge, who seeth not as man seeth, and from whose final sentence there lies no appeal. Surely this consideration alone might lead to universal benevolence, to unbounded affection for the whole family of man.

In short, if we wish to cultivate the social affections of our nature;—if we wish to come up in the line of our duty, as citizens of a better Kingdom;—if we wish to be free from the stings of ingratitude, let us not confer our benefits by halves, let us never be weary of well doing, but conquer the insensibility of vice, by unremitted exertions of benevolence and virtue, ever bearing in mind that our own unassisted endeavours can never discharge the accumulated debt of gratitude due to that Almighty Being, whose loving kindness is over all his works, and whose goodness is invariably exerted without a possibility of an adequate return.

I am yours, &c.

HARLEY.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

I have just been reading, in the luminous volumes of Mr. Ellis, that Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, son and grandson to two Dukes of Norfolk, Lords Treasurers, was born in 1520. While a boy, he resided at Windsor, in the quality of companion to Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, a natural son of Henry VIII. and, like Surrey, a youth of the highest expectations. They became warm friends, studied together at Wolsey's College, in Oxford; travelled into France; and, at Calais, received Henry, on his visit to Francis I. Richmond was, soon after,

married to the Lady Mary Howard, Surrey's sister, but he died in 1536, at the early age of seventeen.

Surrey was at once the hero of romance, and the practical soldier: his superiority, in the accomplishments of chivalry, was proved at a tournament held by him, at Florence, in honour of his Geraldine, and at another, exhibited at Windsor, in the King's presence, in 1540. He served, with great distinction, in his father's army, which marched against the Scots, in 1542, and contributed, by his skill and bravery, to the memorable victory of Flodden-field. In 1544 he commanded, as field marshal, the English army, in the expedition against Boulogne. His talents, his popularity, his high spirit, a suspicion of his intending to marry the Princess Mary, with the view of obtaining the Crown, and, above all, the assured hate in the King's breast against the relations of Catharine Howard, procured his condemnation for a most frivolous offence, and he was beheaded in 1547.

The fair Geraldine, the object of his romantic passion, became the third wife of Edward Clinton, Earl of Lincoln; and Surrey married Frances, daughter of the earl of Oxford, by whom he had several children.

Surrey's smaller poems were published by Tottel in 1557, and other editions appeared in 1565, 1567, 1569, 1574, 1585, 1587, and, lastly, in 1717. His translation of Virgil's second and fourth books into English blank verse, a translation said to be equally elegant and faithful, was published in 1557. This curious work has been re-printed from a copy preserved in Dulwich College library, and, it is hoped, will soon be given to the publick.

For a more particular account of this accomplished man, see Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, or Warton's History of Poetry.

Thus far the elegant pen of Mr. Ellis. Of his "Specimens" I shall avail myself of two or three, conspicuous for their purity of phrase, their warmth of sentiment, and their accuracy of description.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

Martial, the things that do attain
  The happy life be these I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
  The fruitful ground, the quiet mind.

The egal friend; no grudge, no strife;
  No charge of rule, or governance,
Without disease, the healthful life,
  The household of continuance.

The mean diet, no delicate fare,
  True wisdom join'd with simpleness:
The night discharged of all care,
  Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;
  Such sleep as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
  Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

A DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,

Wherein each thing renews, save only the lover.

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
The Nightingale, with feathers new, she sings,
The turtle to her note hath told her tale.

Summer is come; for every spray now springs.
The lark hath hung his old head on the pale,
The buck in brake, his winter coat he flings;
The fishes fleete, with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings,
Winter is worne, that was the flowers bale.

And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

A PRAISE OF LOVE.

Wherein he reproveth those that compare their ladies with his.

Give place, ye lovers, here before,
  That spend your boasts and brags in vain;
My Lady's beauty passeth more
  The best of yours, I dare well saine,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day, the darkest night.

And she hath a troth as just,
  As had Penelope, the fair;
For what she saith ye may it trust
  As it by writing sealed were:
And virtues hath she many more,
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
  The whole effect of Nature's plaint;
When she had lost the perfect mould,
  The like to whom she could not paint:
With wringing hands, how did she cry!
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore, with raging mind,
  Her kingdom only set apart,
That was no loss by law of kind,
  That could have gone so near her heart:
And this was chiefly all her pain,
She could not make the like again.

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
  To be the chiefest work she wrought;
In faith, methinks, some better waies,
  On your behalf, might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

—

The following rules for the economy of time, in the most trifling and miscellaneous of our literary pursuits, are from the pen of Dr. Knox, a writer, from his long experience as a profound and elegant student, well qualified "to dictate, and to decide."

There are fragments of time in the life of every man, in which, from inconvenience of circumstances, he is unable either to read with continued attention, or to enjoy the advantages of select company. In those intervals, such books are pleasant as inform and amuse, in *very short sections*, or *chapters*, and in an easy and perspicuous style, resembling, as much as possible, the variety and familiarity of conversation.

Many of the French books, under the title of *Ana*, are, I think, particularly useful for the purpose of filling up a vacant interval. They are lively and various. They treat of History, Literature, Arts; subjects, which amuse without interesting in such a degree, as to fatigue or excite the mind beyond the pitch of a pleasant tranquillity.

There is a great difference in the numerous Ana. The best I ever read are not entitled Ana, indeed; but they are exactly the same in their kind—I mean, Melanges d'Histoire et de Literature, par Monsieur Vigneul Marville. The name of the author, it is said, was D'Argonne. The work abounds with pleasing anecdotes, written with grace and vivacity.

Gesner recommends Ana for the *horæ subscivæ*, leisure hours, and also Choffin's Amusemens Philologiques, Martial's select Epigrams, Owen's Epictetus; Bohours's Pensees Ingenieuses; Erasmus's Apophthegms; and all other similar and detached pieces. None of those require great attention or exertion, and yet they amuse and instruct.

Selden's Table Talk, according to the French fashion would be called *Seldeniana*, and it is very proper for a pocket companion. Maxims and reflections, collections of poetry, letters, and fugitive pieces, with which the libraries abound, are well adapted to the purpose of occasional amusement.

—

A vulgar riddle is the lowest exercise of hackneyed wit, but the following Enigma, from the brilliant pen of real Genius, is a legitimate effort of invention, which may be sanctioned by Judgment, and relished by Taste.

When first o'er Psyche's angel breast
Love's infant wings undreaded play'd,
Of either parent's grace possess'd,
My birth their secret flame betray'd.

No limbs my aery charms obscure,
No bone my elfin frame sustains;
Yet blood I boast, as warm and pure,
As that which throbs in Hebe's veins.

I sleep with Beauty, watch with Fear,
I rise in timid Youth's defence;
My gentle warmth alone can cheer
The snow drop buds of Innocence.

Without a tongue, a voice, or sound,
My eloquence o'er all prevails;
I still in every clime am found
To tell my parents' tenderest tales.

Love's sunshine, beam'd from brightest eyes,
Less cheers his votary's painful duty,
Than my auspicious light, which flies,
Like meteors, o'er the heaven of beauty.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Impellens quicquid sibi summa petenti,
Obstaret, gaudens que viam fecisse ruinâ.
Luc. lib. 1.

IN the long list of conquerors, who have pervaded the world, by the terror of their name, and the magnitude of their exploits, who have raised the superstructure of their glory on the subversion of empires, the ruin of nations, and the slaughter of the human race, there is none more conspicuous than Alexander the Great. The temerity of his enterprises, his extreme youth, his indefatigable perseverence, his unparalleled success, heightened by the prolific fancy of a romantic historian, cast a shade over his vices, and are but too apt to mislead the judgment, by operating powerfully on the imagination. To those, whose reason is thus warped, and whose enthusiastic zeal will tolerate no grade of admiration below their own, it may appear preposterous in a writer to arraign his undue pre-eminence, or assimilate him to a modern warrior. But a dispassionate perusal of one of the most admirable specimens of biography, presented to the last, or any other age, Voltaire's Charles the twelfth, would justify an opinion that Sweden can boast a Monarch, who, although eventually unfortunate, may, nevertheless, lay a stronger claim to our veneration and esteem, for all the qualifications that unite to constitute a hero. By *heroism* we do not understand, the unclouded union of every virtue, a degree of merit incompatible with the radical imperfection of our nature, or the preponderancy, however great, of any one individual quality, either of the head, or of the heart. Military skill, invincible courage, and superior prudence, usually induce the title of Hero. That must, indeed, be a diminutive species of heroism, which arrogates to itself no other requisite. We do not demand a saint, according to the common acceptation of the term; but, without too fastidious a delicacy, we may at least exact, that the hero should be clement, liberal, and pertinaciously adherent to his engagements. The degrading vices of cruelty, insatiate avarice, and perfidious dissimulation, silence the boisterous triumph of victory, obscure the lustre of conquest, and stamp, indelibly, the conqueror as an object of perpetual execration and abhorrence. If the mild radiance of temperance and continence, if the rare but inestimable virtue of justice, be superadded to clemency, munificence, and good faith, we form one in whose claim to priority of rank our understanding must impli-

citly acquiesce. After these preliminary observations, and upon incontestible principles, we shall proceed to a comparison of Alexander and Charles, founded upon such a selection of facts, as the narrow limits of an essay will permit.

Personal valour was a prominent feature in the character of both. They both stimulated their soldiers to combat, not only by the force of precept, but by the power of example. Both repeatedly exposed their lives to the most imminent peril, and both could vaunt the numbers that fell by their arm. This circumstance, which may originate in accident, or superior dexterity in the management of weapons, should be but a subordinate consideration in the glory of a hero. An important difference may, however, be inferred from the vehemence of the Macedonian, when contrasted with the unutterable composure of the Swede. Whatever may appear courage is not always such in a man of an ardent temper; he bears the brunt of danger not perhaps through contempt of death, but from the irresistible impulse of passion. Alexander, precipitated by his constitutional impetuosity, may sometimes incur this suspicion, which can never attach to Charles, from the well known calmness and perfect self-command exhibited by him in every conjuncture. It is nevertheless but justice to the former to confess that there are incidents in his life which indicate a natural greatness of mind, and the most noble elevation of sentiment. His tender respect for the daughter, and filial attention to the mother of Darius, his generous and dignified conduct towards Porus, the tears he shed for the melancholy catastrophe of the Persian Monarch, whose death ensured to him the object of his hopes, and the recompense of his labours, the signal vengeance he exercised on the assassins, awakens the most pungent emotions of regret, that the germ of virtue should have been blasted by the workings of ambition, and the baneful influence of prosperity. Quintius Curtius, to his account of the capture and treatment of the women, subjoins the following just and pertinent observation, "Equidem si hac continentia ad ultimum vitæ perseverare potuisset, feliciorem fuisse crederem.....vicisset profecto iram atque superbium; abstinuisset inter epulas cædibus amicorum: egregios que bello viros, et tot gentium secum domitores, indictâ causâ veritus est occidere." "His felicity would have been greater had he persevered in this moderation until the end of his career; he would have subdued pride and anger; his banquets would not have been disgraced by the murder of his friends, nor would he have dared to inflict death, without a hearing, on the companion of his victories, and the most illustrious of his warriors." Another striking illustration of our first remark is his profound sleep, when all those interests were at stake, which most violently agitate the human heart, in sight of an enemy, whose numbers and whose position promised them an easy triumph, on the eve of a battle, on which hung the destinies of an immense empire, in which were implicated the ultimate success of his arduous undertaking, his reputation, his individual safety, and the existence of his troops. A similar, and perhaps greater instance of magnanimity is related of Charles. On the night subsequent to the engagement at Bender, when, after the almost total extirpation of his forces, he found himself a prisoner, his life and fortune dependent on the mercy of a Turk, how far superior to the common stamp must that mind have been, which, habituated to the intoxication of success, and the pomp of victory, could so soon divest itself of the corroding cares of sudden adversity, and the tormenting reflection of unusual defeat, to enjoy the refreshments of repose! Fabricius, envoy of Holstein, was struck with admiration and surprise, on entering his chamber, to find him covered with blood and dust, and locked in the most tranquil sleep.

The numerous and splendid triumphs, that mark the progress of both princes, sufficiently evince their superior conduct, and consummate skill in the art of war. But there are inferences, which militate powerfully in favour of Charles, deducible from the wide dissimilarity of the troops with which they contended. A line of discrimination should be drawn between the talents requisite to baffle the arts, and oppose successfully the experience and tactics of the ablest commanders, and those which, with a hardy band of veterans, would enable the possessor to surmount the feeble efforts of a weak, effeminate Monarch, and the desultory resistance of an undisciplined multitude.

> Quelle gloire en effet d'accabler la faiblesse
> D'un roi deja vaincu par sa propre mollesse
> D'un peuple sans vigueur et presque inanime,
> Qui ge'missait sous l'or dont il etact arme.
>
> RACINE.

Alexander, with superior numbers, encountered the Greeks but twice in the field; the principle theatre of his glory was Asia; it was there, in a warfare with its untutored barbarians, that those brilliant atchievements were wrought, which have procured him the surname of Great, and have been so much blazoned to the world.

The Swedish Monarch fought against soldiers fortified by every advantage, consequent upon the improved state of the military science, well organized, inured to the fatigues of a camp, and combating under the banner of the most celebrated general of the age. We cannot deny Alexander was uninterruptedly prosperous, and that Charles was unfortunate. It is, however, an incontrovertible maxim that the adventitious smiles or frowns of Fortune should neither add, nor derogate from the genuine fame of a commander, when his success is the consequence of accident, or his misfortunes the result of a complication of lamentable casualities, neither to be foreseen nor averted by human prudence. A review of the events prior and subsequent to the fatal battle of Pultowa, cannot fail to impress a conviction that to this latter cause is attributed its calamitous issue, and that the conduct of Charles was every way commensurate with the character of a general and a hero. So sudden and terrible a reverse served but to exalt his virtues, and afford a stronger display of his astonishing equability of temper. No vicissitude, however deplorable, could relax his vigour, or damp his spirit of enterprise. In every successive change his countenance was the index of a mind unshaken by misfortune, and undeviating in the pursuits of glory. Had Alexander met with the same untoward fate, does the tenor of his life allow the supposition that his fortitude would have been equally great; or would he, who was perenially the slave of passion, and the victim of extremes, whose virtue sunk under the weight of prosperity, have sustained, with equanimity, the evils of discomfiture, and the anguish of disappointed ambition? Had three European monarchs, each as powerful as himself, conspired at once to effect his ruin, do his victories over the barbarians of Asia warrant the conclusion, that he would have humbled one, dethroned another, and reduced the third to almost the same situation? This fell to the lot of Charles; he exhibited a spectacle, to which Europe was yet a stranger; and had his fortune been proportionate to his abilities, it is more than probable that he would have eclipsed the lustre of the Macedonian by the exercise of the virtues which make power respectable, and add veneration to success.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[In the second edition of Dr. Bisset's life of BURKE, there is a passage, which the friends of Mr. Cruger think unjust to his reputation, as a public speaker. The following letters will shew that the anecdote, in question, is not founded on fact, and that Dr. Bisset has been misinformed. As this error has been propagated on this side of the Atlantic, it gives the Editor pleasure to have it in his power to reform it, and to add, that Mr. Burke himself appears to have had a high sense of the character of his colleague, for, in the speech to the Electors at Bristol, this is his exordium, "I cannot avoid sympathising strongly with the feelings of the gentleman, who has received the same honour you have conferred upon me. If he, who was bred, and passed his whole life among you; if he, who through the easy gradations of acquaintance, friendship, and esteem, has obtained the honour, which seems, of itself, naturally, and almost insensibly, to meet with those, who, by the even tenor of pleasing manners, and social virtues, slide into the love and confidence of their fellow citizens, if he cannot speak, but with great emotion, on this subject, surrounded as he is, on all sides, with his old friends; you will have the goodness to excuse me, if my real, unaffected embarrassment, prevents me from expressing my gratitude to you, as I ought."]

The following Letter having been written and sent to Dr. Bisset, who has not thought proper to answer it, there cannot be any apology necessary for thus introducing it to the public, who ought not to be imposed upon by his error and want of correctness. Truth and candour demand the explanation, and it is hoped he will be more cautious, in future, of falling into the like again.

[COPY]

Bristol, December 14, 1802.

SIR,

It will be unnecessary to trouble you with any apology for this Letter, which I feel assured you will be obliged to me for writing; as it will enable you to correct an error you have been led into (by misinformation no doubt) in your "Life of Burke," wherein (Vol. I. p. 332.) you attribute to my old partner and friend, Mr. Cruger, at the time of his return with Mr. Burke, as members for this city, a speech, equally remarkable for its brevity and its *impropriety*, and which, instead of being spoken by Mr. Cruger, was made, at a subsequent election, by Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Lippencott, on his return with Mr. Brickdale.

At Cruger and Burke's election I was the partner, active agent, and friend of Mr. Cruger. Not a day was I absent from the Poll, and, at the return, heard Mr. Cruger *first* make his acknowledgments to the Electors, in which Mr. Burke *followed* him. The matter, language, and manner of both those Gentlemen's orations did neither of them discredit: their speeches were of some length, the ideas comprehensive, and the language correct, animated, and proper for the occasion.

I submit to your candour the necessity for a note to correct the mistake alluded to, and if you shall still feel any hesitation about the fact, I will, upon your suggestion, get you the testimony, as to my correctness, from every official gentleman, who attended at that election. I have the honour to be, with perfect respect,

Sir,

Your most obedient
humble servant,
(Signed) JOHN MALLARD.

Directed "Robert Bisset, Esq. LL. D. at Mr. George Cawthorn's, British Library, No. 132, Strand, London."

N. B. When this Letter was presented by the Postman at Mr. Cawthorn's, directions were given to Dr. Bisset.

Bristol, 28th January 1803.

SIR,

In a work lately published, entitled, "Bisset's Life of Burke," there is a gross libel on the abilities of Henry Cruger, Esq. some time since

one of the representatives in Parliament, for this city, but who now resides in or near New-York. The passage I refer to, is in the first volume, page 332, and is as follows—"Burke's colleague, Cruger, was, it would appear, a man of no very copious eloquence. It is even reported that after Burke had delivered one of his best speeches, at Bristol, Cruger rose up, aad exclaimed, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke—I say ditto to Mr. Burke." As soon as the above paragraph was discovered, Mr. Mallard, who was (at the time of that election, and who took a very active part in it), a partner with Mr. Cruger, wrote to a friend in London, in which he clearly refuted the error, by stating all the facts, and requesting him to wait on Dr. Bisset, and convince him of the imposition that must have been practised on him, before such a paragraph could have been inserted, that he might publish an errata, correcting the misrepresentation, and annex it to those sets that were not disposed of, this he consented to, but it is not yet arrived in Bristol, or I should have enclosed one in this letter. I think it probable that the work may be reprinted at New-York, and my intention in troubling you, Sir, with this letter, is to request you will be so good as to wait upon the printers in that city, and request them not to publish the work without the errata, which I will forward to you as soon as I can procure one. The fact is that through Mr. Cruger's interest Burke was elected, that Cruger had a majority of 858 votes more than Burke, that Cruger was the first returned, and was the first to address his constituents. That Burke afterwards made a speech is true, but it so much disgusted the electors, that they never forgot it, and they would not re-elect him; but Mr. Cruger was again returned, and served in another Parliament for this city. I know what I here assert, for I was present, and heard the whole

I have not the honour of being personally known to you, but my friend, Mr. Prust, has given me every reason to hope that you will pardon this liberty, when the object to be obtained is no personal advantage to myself, but a hope that it may be the means of preventing an improper reflection on a Gentleman for whom I shall always entertain the greatest esteem, I therefore, without further apology, beg leave to subscribe myself,

Sir,

Your most obdient servant,

W. HARRIS.

Divie Bethune, Esq. New-York.

P. S. Since writing my letter, I have received the inclosed, which, although not published by Dr. Bisset, will, I hope, remove every prejudice against Mr. Cruger.

—

Bristol, January 28, 1803.

Divie Bethune, Esq.
New-York.

MY DEAR SIR,

Do me the favour to give publicity to the annexed letter of our worthy vice-chamberlaine, Wintour Harris, Esq. whose sole motive is to remove any unfavourable impressions from the public mind, to the prejudice of a Gentleman who left this city with the regret and best wishes of his fellow-citizens. I am, very sincerely,

My dear Sir,

Your faithful servant,

STEPHEN PRUST.

DRAMATIC.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

STEPHEN KEMBLE'S *SHYLOCK*,

Was very well received last night. It was his first attempt of the character on Drury-Lane Stage; and as the occasion was his own benefit, the severity of criticism is consequently disarmed. If he displayed no striking beauties, he disgusted with no palpable deformities. The adventurous spirit of an actor deserves much praise, when, without offending public judgment, it soars through the regions of the Drama, for the improvement of fortune and of fame. Such may be said to have been the incentives of Mr. S. Kemble, when making the experiment of his powers before a London audience. His FALSTAFF has not our approbation; but it has experienced, what is no doubt much better, the flattering plaudits of as numerous assemblages, of all ranks, as we ever witnessed at Drury-Lane. They were not collected as the effort of the moment, but attended, night after night, successively with renovated pleasure. The rigid critic therefore, however well founded in his conclusions, must yield to the popular opinion, so widely diffused, and acknowledge such testimonies of partiality as the best proof of an actor's skill and success.—The good humour of the following effusion of his Muse had a very happy effect, and was loudly applauded from all parts of the House.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MR. STEPHEN KEMBLE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

To carry Coal to Newcastle———absurd!——
Who has not oft this hackney'd adage heard?—
Yet it implies, at least, some share of wit,
Thither to go Coal laden from this Pit.
What! on a London audience *Falstaff* fob!
Sooner, perhaps, thou might's the Exchequer rob!
What! vainly hope from them applause to win,
Who still remember—Henderson and Quin!—
'Tis wild ambition and presumptous folly,
And you'll return to us as melancholy,
"As an old Lion, or a poor lugg'd Bear,
Or as Moor ditch, a Gib cat, or a Hare;"
This was of friendly Monitors the cry—
But plague upon all Cowards, answer'd I;
A London Audience can't affright me—"Go ye"—
"Think ye, my Masters, that I did not know ye?"
Though true, indeed, had I miscarry'd here,
My Sack had turn'd as flat as dead Small Beer;
A failure here had driven me from my station,
Asham'd, henceforth, to say—"'Tis my vocation."
But my resolves ill-bodings could not daunt,
"For I'm no Coward—though not John of Gaunt."
'Twas instinct gave a firmness to my mind,
I knew true Critics ever are most kind;
I came—your favour justified my plan,
"I ne'er felt prouder since I was a man!
I shall think the better of myself and you,
During my life—or I'm an 'Ebrew Jew."
Farewell!—Believe me, I shall long again
To meet you in Eastcheap—'Pshaw!—Drury-Lane—
Grateful I have such friends—what thus can move me—
"You've given me medicines to make me love You."
Once more, farewell!—Ah! how twould warm my heart,
Could I but hope you'll say, as I depart,
While my demerits you forbear to scan,
"We could have better spar'd a better man."

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, GUILDHALL, DEC. 24.

SITTINGS BEFORE LORD ELLENBOROUGH AND A SPECIAL JURY.

CRIM. CON.

LINGHAM *v.* HUNT.

The Plaintiff is a Junior Partner in the house of Hopley and Co. wine-merchants, in Tower-street. The Defendant is a wine-merchant in the same street.

Mr. Garrow, on the part of the Plaintiff, addressed the Jury to the following effect:—"Gentlemen of the Jury, I feel myself in a situation somewhat new to me. My learned friend (Mr. Erskine) has hitherto, in a manner, monopolized the statement of causes of this nature, and has done it with such ability, that the biographer, who shall trace a faithful history of his life, cannot fail to mention the powerful exertions of his wonderful talents in combating, and in endeavouring (as far as the power of human eloquence can go) to *exterminate* that guilt, which is the subject upon which I now address you. Although much inferior to my learned friend, in the commanding powers of eloquence, yet I cannot fear that I shall not be able to lay before you, in a manner clear to your understandings, and to your feelings, a scene of the most aggravated guilt which ever came before a jury. I shall not go far to seek for terms to express this injury. I shall tell you simply, that the injury which the Plaintiff complains of is, that the Defendant has *debauched his wife*, that he has *debauched* her under almost every circumstance that can be conceived to aggravate his guilt; her husband was his friend, and had reposed in him the confidence of a friend, he had, at a time when he supposed the Defendant's heart was full of grief, invited him to his house, and endeavoured, by all the attentions of hospitality and friendship, to remove that affliction. What was the return? The Defendant, while he was supposed to be sinking under his own misfortune, planned the destruction of the happiness of his hospitable friend; he then planned the seduction of *his wife*, and he has since effected it. Here then, Gentlemen of the Jury, I have to lay before you a deliberate breach, on the part of the Defendant, of every tie that is held sacred among *good men*. Hospitality violated, confidence abused, friendship trampled upon, and, above all, the marriage tie, and every thing on which depends the happiness of a husband, and a father, wantonly and deliberately cut asunder by a *base adulterer!* This is not a case, Gentlemen, of a husband inviting his own dishonour, and being the *pander* to his own disgrace, nor is it a case where a husband has, by indifference or ill-treatment, lost the affections of his wife. I shall prove to you, by all the witnesses I shall produce, and by all the witnesses my learned friend (Mr. Erskine) shall produce, (if he chooses to produce any witnesses) that the Plaintiff was a most kind, tender, and affectionate husband. I challenge my learned friend to produce any evidence to contradict this: how then will the case stand? A tender and affectionate husband, whose wife has borne him a child, now asks you for damages against the man who has taken from him the chosen partner of his life, the mother of his child.—This, Gentlemen, I think, will appear to you a case worthy of your most serious attention. It is now my duty to state to you the particulars of the present case. The Defendant, Mr. Hunt, had himself been a married man; he had had several children: his wife, who was a most amiable woman, had in her life-time been very intimate with the Plaintiff's family: her manners and her conduct were such as to make her a most desirable acquaintance for the Plaintiff's young wife, who was only nineteen years of age. An intimacy then took place; but in the month of March last, Mrs. Hunt died, after her lying-in; the Defendant appeared in the greatest affliction, and the Plaintiff and his family endeavoured, by every hospitable attention, to dispel his grief. In return for this kindness, he seduced the Plaintiff's wife to leave her tender, unsuspecting husband. On the 8th of July last, the Plaintiff returned home; his wife was not at home. The night was tempestuous, and he imagined every excuse for her absence; he thought she might have been with their relations, or with some near friend; that she was not able to get a coach; but he still expected her every moment. The whole night passed; no wife returned. You, Gentlemen of the Jury, are to consider what were the feelings of a tender and affectionate husband (as I shall prove the Plaintiff to have been) that night, in which, for the first time, his wife was absent. When you

shall have formed some estimate of his feelings on that occasion, then, Gentlemen, I request you will pause a moment, and tell me what were his feelings, on the ensuing morning, when he received the following letter from the Defendant, whom he had always considered his friend, and whom he had never suspected :—

" Sir—With sorrow great, how can I inform you, that you have *miserably misplaced in me your confidence.* Your wife cannot return without your forgiveness, and that I think is impossible. See, however, directly, my poor Brother, who, as well as Eliza (Mrs. Lingham). yourself, and me, must go distracted. Still your's,

JOSEPH HUNT."

Mark the unparalleled impudence of this man—*still your's*—when he has deliberately plunged a dagger in your bosom. Gentlemen, I have heard it said, that in actions of this nature, we should fix the place of trial rather at Westminster than at Guildhall ; that in the city, men value more their merchandize than their honour. They are ignorant and impudent libellers who say so. I know and feel, that there is no class of men who value higher what belongs to honour than the merchants of London. I need not tell you, if the vices of the great descend to the middling classes of life, (and certainly the parties in the present suit are only in a middling situation) those who affect those vices should pay the price of them. As I know the men whom I address, respectable merchants of this great city. I should conceive I insulted your feelings, were I to waste time in descanting on the injury for which my Client now seeks redress at your hands. (Mr. Garrow then stated to the Jury the nature of the evidence he should produce.)

The marriage was proved by the officiating clergman (Mr. Hart), and by Mr. Joseph Dixon, brother to Mr. Lingham, who was present at it. It took place on the 16th of August, 1800.

Frances Merchant was well acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Lingham ; had frequently visited them, and sometimes spent a week at a time with them. She had many opportunities of seeing how they agreed together. She always considered him as a kind and affectionate husband, and that they were a happy couple. They had one child.

Benjamin Waters knew the Plaintiff from his childhood ; they had been schoolfellows together ; he had often visited him since his marriage ; considered him always as a most exemplary husband, and thought that he and his wife had been a very happy couple.

This witness was cross-examined very strictly by Mr. Erskine, as to the conduct of the Plaintiff to his wife, at and subsequent to the night of the general illumination, (which took place on the 29th of April, on the occasion of the Peace.) He admitted that he had heard a large party, consisting principally of the relations of the Plaintiff and his wife, went from Tower-street to Portman-square to see the illumination, and particularly M. Otto's house ; that the Defendant was of that party, and that Mrs. Lingham was then given to his care, and that in the crowd they had separated from the rest ; he afterwards heard her talk of the transactions of this illumination night, before her husband and a large company of friends ; she said she was luckier than the rest of the party, for that she supped with her gentleman, while they were content with the refreshment of a pastry cook's shop. (Being examined strictly about the manner in which the husband received this declaration) he said, that the Plaintiff received this information with that kind of raillery and *badinage* that a husband would do, who thought he had a right to place confidence in his wife.

Mr. Dixon being called again, said, that he was of the party on the illumination night, and believed the separation that took place on that night, to have been purely accidental ; it took place before they came to Mr. Otto's, when they had stopped to examine the illumination at Mr. Hope's in Cavendish-square.

Mrs. Sarah Lingham, mother to the Plaintiff, said she had been in the constant habit of visiting the Plaintiff and his wife up to the time of her elopement ; she always considered them a very happy couple, and never saw the slightest disagreement between them.

Thomas Newman, clerk of the livery-stables in Windmill-street, proved, that a gentleman and lady had come there about ten o'clock on the evening of the 8th of July, and after the gentleman had left two or three letters, to be delivered next day, bespoke a chaise, and set off for Barnet. The boys who had delivered those letters (one of which was read by Mr. Garrow) then proved the receipt of those letters from the last witness, and the delivery to the Plaintiff's father.

The letter read by Mr. Garrow in his opening speech, was then produced, and proved.

Thomas Bailey was the postboy who drove the chaise from London to the Green Man at Barnet ; he said, that upon alighting, they immediately applied for *a bed.*

Sarah Lennox, the chambermaid of that Inn, confirmed the account of the last witness ; she said that the gentleman and lady slept together that night, and that the bed was very much *tumbled.* The gentleman and lady went out in the morning, and he bought for her different things, shoes, stockings, &c. The next night they went to bed very early, and left the town in the course of the ensuing morning. The lady left behind her a pair of stockings, which were marked with the word *Lingham.* at full length.

Elizabeth Sperrel, Laundress to Mr. and Mrs. Lingham, proved, that that was the mark of Mrs. Lingham's stockings.

A Mrs. Davis, who keeps a lodging-house at Eltham, proved, that Mrs. Lingham lodged with her at Eltham for about three months, and that Mr. Hunt used generally to go there on a Saturday, and stay till Monday.

This was the principal evidence on the part of the Plaintiff.

Mr. Erskine, said, no man was less qualified than himself, either from inclination or habits, to defend the cause of a man who had confessed himself an *adulterer.* He had been accustomed to think highly of the *sanctity* of the marriage tie ; he considered the married state as the source of every genuine happiness in this world, and that nothing could be more criminal than to disturb its purity. He therefore discharged his duty with some reluctance in a case where his Client had, by his letter, confessed himself guilty ; but still it was the province of the Jury to class the guilty according to their different degrees of guilt. He did not mean to impute to the Plaintiff any wilful connivance at his wife's dishonour, or any ill treatment of his wife, but he could not avoid imputing to him a criminal inattention and carelessness ; a desertion of that duty which is incumbent on a husband, to keep his wife from great temptations, and to be the guardian of her honour. On this subject he could not avoid thinking of a passage in the celebrated poem of Milton, who was the first of men as well as of poets. In that passage of Paradise Lost, where, after mutual upbraidings between our first parents, after Eve has imputed to him the crime of leaving her unprotected from the wiles of the seducer, Adam replies as follows—

" I too was to blame in admiring that virtue,
Which I thought nothing evil could approach ;
But now I see my fault, and now I feel
Thou art my just accuser."

Such was the state of the most amiable husband, should he desert the guardianship of his wife's purity and honour, which is the true source of happiness and comfort for himself. Mr. Erskine then considered the careless manner of receiving the news that his wife had supped at a tavern with the Defendant, as a very culpable inattention to his own honour ; he also said, he was instructed to state that it would be proved that he had frequently permitted his wife to stay out whole days with the Defendant, on the pretence of taking the air together ; and though, perhaps, nothing criminal had passed till the 8th of July, yet every temptation and opportunity for the commission of the crime had been allowed. The wife of the Plaintiff was a most beautiful woman, and such are the infirmities and weaknesses of man, that it is certainly extremely improper to afford so strong a temptation to any man. Mr. Erskine also conceived the letter to shew some marks of contrition, which placed this Defendant in a point of view somewhat more favourable than many others, who are brought before this tribunal for similar crimes.

Thomas Hunt, brother to the Defendant, was the principal witness for the defence. On his direct-examination, he swore positively to the Defendant's having been frequently permitted to drive out alone with the Plaintiff's wife ; he also endeavoured as much as possible, to impress by his testimony a belief, that on the illumination night, the Plaintiff's wife and the Defendant, had supped together at a tavern, and that the Plaintiff knew it, disregarded it, and afterwards suffered them to go out alone together to the country and to the play. He was himself of the party that night with Miss Dixon, sister to Mrs. Lingham, and several other ladies. He also said, that the Plaintiff did not go to look for his wife among the crowd, and seemed very careless about her.

On his cross-examination by Mr. Garrow, he would not confess it directly, but his reluctant answers, and guarded admissions, shewed clearly that he knew that the Plaintiff's wife and the Defendant were separated from their party by mere accident, and that they did not sup at a tavern as he insinuated, but took some refreshments only, at Monnet's the pastry-cook, in Spring-Gardens, in the public coffee-room, where a lady of the most unblemished character might enter for that purpose. His evidence, of course, was of very little weight in the cause.

Two female servants were also produced, who on their direct examination proved nothing at all, but on their cross-examination admitted that the Plaintiff was a kind and affectionate a husband as ever they saw.

Mr. Garrow replied with a great deal of force ; so far from considering the letter as the least circumstance of mitigation, he considered it a great circumstance of aggravation. Nothing could shew more deliberate villainy than writing such a letter at the moment he was carrying off his friend's wife. This letter was not written in the morning ; it was written over night, and given to the stable-boy to carry the next morning. Such a matchless piece of impudence and hypocrisy deserved an exemplary punishment. His original crime was also heightened by the wickedness of his defence, in instructing his counsel to state circumstances which he knew he could not prove, and in endeavouring to destroy the character of the Plaintiff, as he had already destroyed his happiness.

Lord Ellenborough said, that he conceived that the guilt of the Defendant was much aggravated by the manner in which he had chosen to shape his defence. It would have been more decent for him either to have suffered judgment by default, or else to have defended himself as well as

he was able, without endeavonring to throw false impositions on the character of the Plaintiff. As the case stood, it appeared under every aggravated circumstance that such a case could present itself. The kind attentions of friendship paid to him in his affliction, were returned with perfidy; hospitality and honour violated, and, to use the Defendant's own description of his act, *confidence miserably misplaced in him*. As to the story of the illumination night, on which he wished to raise a suspicion of inattention on the part of the Plaintiff, he considered it as nothing. The world is not yet so bad or so corrupt, but that on such an occasion a man might trust his wife to the protection of any honourable friend in the party to which he himself belonged. The separation was accidental, and the stopping for refreshment at the public room of the Spring-Garden Coffee-house, was certainly a matter perfectly innocent. Under these circumstances, he could not suggest to his mind any observation which could in the least excuse or palliate the Defendant's guilt, or could shield him from that measure of punishment which the Jury might think proper, under all the circumstances, to pronounce.

The Jury, without a minute's hesitation, found to the whole amount of the damages stated in the declaration.

Verdict for the Plaintiff.—Damages—*Five Thousand Pounds!*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PINKERTON'S Geography is in a state of forwardness; and is impatiently expected by the lovers of science, and by all, whose disgusted Intellect has been jaded by the miserable compilations on this subject, composed of crude materials, selected without judgment, arranged without accuracy, and destitute of every ornament of Genius and Taste. Mr. Pinkerton's system *supereminet omnes*. It has the strong and pleasing features of Truth and Originality. It is prefaced by the profound astronomical science of Dr. Vince, and it is illustrated by the fine maps of Arrowsmith. It, moreover, perhaps for the first time, without what has been aptly called the "bigotry of Toryism, and the atheism of Whiggism," without the smallest taint of the prejudices, or the partialities of an Englishman, tells, with the accuracy of an honest witness, in a court of justice, the whole truth, respecting the government and character of this country.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Port Folio, and its Editor, are most conspicuously honoured in the Aurora of Monday, the 20th of June. No less than five columns of that paper are devoted to our service. We do not promise to requite the favour, by bestowing the like quantity of matter upon the Aurora and Mr. Duane; but we cordially invite our own subscribers and patrons to peruse the publication to which we allude; if, peradventure, the Aurora may be found in their precinct.

We solicit those, who, in consequence of this invitation, may read this daring, libellous, and slanderous invective, that they will not ascribe to the impulse of FEAR, our declining to enter the lists of personal altercation with the gladiator Duane.

It should be mentioned for the information of those who read the Port Folio and the *Aurora*, at a distance from the place of their publication, that the distinguished attention lately paid us by Mr. Duane is merely to serve the purposes of local electioneering, and not on account of any particular merit of ours, though, generally speaking, his reprobation is the truest test of good desert. It is a fact, of sufficient notoriety, that the season of election for state and city officers is approaching, and although the period is yet somewhat remote, it is equally notorious that the party, calling themselves *democratic republicans*, are already active and alert, in rallying their forces, and organizing their committees. By what authority those partial assemblies of citizens called Ward-meetings, are sanctioned, we have yet to learn. As we have good reason to believe, that, when these meetings take place for no other purpose than to devise ways and means of *controuling the right of suffrage*, they are to be considered in no better light than as *unlawful assemblies*. For such conventions, *self-constituted*, we hope to be pardoned, if we do not entertain a very profound veneration. Their votes of censure; their instructions to committees; their resolves; and their menaces, are, so far as we are concerned, alike indifferent. As one of the *Sovereigns* of this country, we venture to assure them, that we hold them in sovereign contempt. Their beer house potations, and their tavern intemperance, may serve to raise their courage, but it shall not depress ours. When we bask in the sun-shine of executive patronage—when we have the vanity to declare ourselves the '*organ of the publick will*;' and when a lucrative job of *stationer general*, under government, shall enable us to buy paper, cheap enough to give the printing into the bargain, perhaps we may condescend to print and publish for the *populace*. The charge of depravity and corruption, so gratuitously applied to us of late, would then become our exchequer of wealth, and we might venture to shake hands with the editor of the Aurora.

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One of the *democratic* ward committees of this city has been instructed to bring before the general ward committees a certain publication, which appeared in the Port Folio, and afterwards in the True American, which Mr. George Bartram, Mr. James Thackara, and their associates, are pleased to denominate "a *treasonable publication*." We understand, that Mr. Bartram is a man of a liberal education, and claims to possess some information more than falls to the share of our democrats in general. Is he then so ignorant as to suppose, that *treason* can be committed by writing and publishing? Or can he be so wicked and malignant as, *without ground*, to accuse a fellow-citizen of the most atrocious crimes that can be committed? Had he brought such a charge against us, with as little reason, he should suffer for it, *if the law has still any authority*. N. B. He was chairman of the ward meeting.

Gaz. U. S.

To the Editors of the Gazette of the United States we tender the amplest acknowledgment for the preceding remarks, and cordially thank them for the suggestion at the conclusion; of which, if necessity require, we may, in due season, avail ourselves. In their distrust of the *authority of the law*, which justified this doubtful mode of expression, on their part, we very strongly participate. Rather than appeal to the laws, *in a state, where democracy is triumphant and transcendant*, we prefer *submission*, under any charge, however atrocious. The extent of our wrongs, under the basest imputations, so long as they rest on the *naked assertions* of their authors, we know how to appreciate; but to appeal to law for redress for a libel against a Federal Editor, in Pennsylvania, we know would be abortive. It is precisely this state of things which we deprecate, as the worst and most oppressive of governments; it is because one man may dare to accuse another of *a crime* for which, in every well ordered state, the punishment, on conviction, is *death and corruption of blood*, and that the accused can obtain no adequate relief, when he appeals to the laws, though acquitted of the charge, that we would point the "slow moving finger of scorn" at the riot rule of democracy. It is this incompetency to afford protection to each and every individual of the community; this utter and deplorable imbecility to vindicate the wrongs we suffer, and restore the rights of which we are insolently robbed, which make us bold to aver, that we abhor the system, built on such a tottering and crazy basis; nor will we hesitate to say, that, from such a system, nothing can be expected to result but Civil war, Desolation, and Anarchy.

It is abundantly apparent, that the wild uproar, and the hue and cry, which have been raised, respecting a paragraph, which some time since appeared in the Port Folio, is an electioneering artifice, to stimulate and inflame the passions of the good people of Pennsylvania, prior to the exercise of their sovereign power. Not one of the many headed sovereigns of Pennsylvania, in an hundred, ever saw or heard of such a paper as the Port Folio, and we presume they are utterly regardless of its Editor. On this score, we pretend to nothing more than a perfect equality with them.

As for Mr. George Bartram and Mr. James Thackara, and all such *people*, we neither know them, nor shall we ever solicit the honour of their acquaintance; when we look to them for patronage, we may, possibly, pay some deference to their censure, or their praise.

—

The pompous style, in which the Aurora reports the proceedings of the several Ward meetings, might impose upon the credulity of some, were it not notorious, that these "*large* and *respectable*" assemblies consist of two, three and sometimes four staggering Sileni,* who, together with "mine host," proceed to the choice of a chairman and secretary, who then choose *five, from their own body*, as a committee to represent the Ward in the congress of Ward delegates. The meetings are always held at some tavern or beer-house, the keeper of which is an arrant jacobin, who is likewise generally chosen a committee-man. Thus constituted, they resolve 'more or less,' and before they dissolve the meeting, they resolve to publish their proceedings, so as to give them an air of expressing the publick opinion. Greater impositions were never practised upon the respectable inhabitants of any state, or city.

—

When we call the governments of Athens and Sparta free, or concede that their citizens were happier than those, which lived under different forms, it is merely *ex abundanti*. For we should be greatly mistaken, if we really thought that the majority of the people, who filled these cities, enjoyed even a nominal political freedom. Call them, therefore, free states, or popular governments, or what you please; when we consider the majority of their inhabitants, and regard the natural rights of mankind, they must appear, in reality and truth, no better than pitiful oligarchies—Reader, apply this historical remark, of one of the wisest of statesmen, to a more modern republick, and lay your hand on your honest heart, and say, however harsh it may sound, that this is a just description of an imbecile government.

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* Silenus is generally represented as a fat and jolly old man, *riding* on *an Ass*, crowned with flowers, and always intoxicated.

A person who only reads the writings of the democrats, without knowing or adverting to their principles, would suppose them seriously and sincerely attached to a *monarchy*. Does a man distinguish himself for virtue, private or public, "Hah! cry they—that's a monarchist!"—Is any measure proposed that is fraught with beneficial effect or good promise to the public—"that is monarchical," cry these worthies. If a sound principle is broached, (of course it must lean hard upon them.)—"Ah, that leads to monarchy!" is sputtered by every Jacobin, and spattered in anti federal ink on reams of polluted paper.—*Judge Chase's charge* has already had the honour of democratic obloquy conferred upon it; and, of course, it is monarchical. But those poor things know no more what is, or what leads to monarchy, than they practice what is, or what leads to republicanism.—Every tyranny, in every country, whether it be the tyranny of one man or one million, has its watch-word and its war-whoop. After the reformation, *a Popish plot* was the war-whoop in England. In the last century, *a papist conspiracy* and *white boys* was the war-whoop or watch-word in Ireland. Aristocrat, was the jacobin war-whoop of the bloodhounds of France during the revolution—and monarchy is that of our democrats in America. But they all mean the same thing—that is to say, have the same end in view, the overthrow of their fellow-citizens' rights, and a despotism over their opinions, and if possible, over their persons and properties. [*Charleston Courier.*

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One of the Connecticut wits, who has so happily revived the best manner of Butler, has deigned to notice that ill-star'd Jacobin, who, after being borne on the poles of Calcutta in the East, is now borne on the shoulders of the mob in the west. We have not a doubt, that, as Duane was not born to be *drowned*, the augury in the last line will be fully accomplished under a future Federal Administration.

But chief Duane amid the throng,
Demands the notice of our song.
When Robin-Hood's illustrious name,
When Little-John of equal fame,
George Barrington and Capt. Kyd,
In black oblivion's shade are hid.
Duane more fam'd than all the gang,
Like tavern-sign on high shall hang.

The Editors of the Gazette of the United States; of the New-York Evening Post; of the New-England Palladium; the Baltimore Anti-Democrat, and the Charleston Courier, are the objects of all the virulence of a *democratic* President and his myrmidons. All the conductors of the above papers are studious of the honest and the true, and when their tone of indignation is high against Jacobinism and national imbecility they may exclaim—

Ask you what provocation we have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.

—

The following passage from a writer possessing great insight into human nature, describes with great fidelity the prominent feature in the character of a *democrat*. "Indeed, the ties of private affection were too weak to engage the heart of this man, whose zeal for the *community* had entirely swallowed up his concern *for individuals*. He looked upon **particular friendship* as a passion unworthy of his ample soul, and was a professed admirer of L. Manlius, Junius Brutus, and those later patriots of the same name who shut their ears against the *cries of nature*, and resisted all the dictates of *gratitude* and *humanity*."

* See the works of Godwin passim.

If Capt. Duane, since he has played off his masked battery upon the Port Folio and the Editor, thinks he has silenced our fire, some *loud reports* may ere long convince him, that we are still *able to carry* on the war.

—

"We have on all occasions," (says the Aurora of Tuesday last) "thought it the most politic course that we could pursue, to remain silent, and let the *tories* go full length in their defamation—and at our leisure (as Tom Splice says) *to bring them up by the run*." Last Sunday being a leisure day, seems to have been devoted to the task of *bringing up by the run* the Port Folio and its Editor. Monday's leisure *brought up*, on Tuesday, the Editors of the Gazette of the United States, and all *Federal* Editors. Tuesday's leisure brought up some apostate democrats and Noah Webster, Esq. into the bargain, on Wednesday.—In this way we might index the Aurora from Sunday to Saturday, *if we had leisure to bring it up by the run.*

—

A patient complained of a pain in his stomach—"What hast thou been eating?" said the physician.—Bread that was burnt, replied the man. Upon this the Doctor gave him a collyrium for his eyes. "I told you I had the colic said the man! 'True' answered the physician—'but had thy eye sight been good, thou wouldst have seen that thy bread was burnt.'

—

Dr. W. Thomson, the present able editor of Dodsley's Annual Register, and the successor of Mr. Burke in the historical department of that masterly work, thus vividly describes the lofty exertions of the mind of Bonaparte, at the time he dissolved the Council of Five Hundred, and forced his valiant way up the steep of power.—

His letters, his speeches, his actions, all proclaimed a subimity of courage, imagination, and design, *beyond the limits of vulgar conception.*

—

Mr. Sotheby, the most accomplished translator of Virgil's Georgics, has published an original poem of uncommon merit, entitled "A Poetical Epistle to Sir George Beaumont, Bart. on the encouragement of the British School of Painting." The foreign critics declare, with strict justice, that this little poem does infinite honour to the taste, the talent, and the intentions of the author. The descriptions are worked up with the power of a master. The versification is bold and harmonious. To the principles of the author, the critics express their entire assent, and the writer of this article most fervently wishes, that for such poetry we had in *this* country a general taste, and that to establish and maintain such principles men would be alert to open every purse, and to draw every sword.

—

From a new British publication we learn, that Isaac Reed, Esq. one of the most learned of the commentators upon Shakespeare, is the editor of that entertaining and instructive miscellany, the European Magazine.

—

Mr. J. H. L. Hunt, the juvenile author of the Ode to Contemplation, which has been so much admired in the Port Folio, is engaged in the composition of a Tragedy, called the Earl of Surry.

—

A new and complete edition of the works of Drummond, is expected from Dr. Anderson, of Edinburgh. The editor of the British Poets is perfectly well qualified to do justice to his author.

—

The miscellaneous works of Sir C. H. Williams, with many unpublished pieces, are preparing for the press, and will probably divert those who are fond of the muse of *levity*.

Mundell and Son, Edinburgh, are preparing a new and splendid edition of Campbell's Poems.

—

Southey's Thalaba is written in open defiance of all the laws of metre. This rash young man, who is certainly endowed with a fine genius, appears anxious to overthrow the principles of taste and criticism, as well as the character of Henry V. and the maxims of the wisest government.

—

Mr. Boscawen's Poems bear very ample and honourable testimony to the patriotic spirit, the feeling heart, and cultivated mind of its author. His Ode to Anarchy, displays a truly British spirit. His style is elegant, correct, and perspicuous.

—

In one of the Eastern papers, a paragraph-grinder, describing an accident which happened to some rural sportsman, tells us, that "he was out a *gunning*." We shall be much obliged to the learned recorder of this casualty, if he will indicate his authority for the use of this new and barbarous word. We have heard of a *shooting* party, and the word gunner designates an officer in the navy. But *gunning* is certainly the creation of some New-England wit, who has too much republican impatience to study the English language.

—

In the hinderparts of Georgia, we are told that there is a rude and ferocious horde of ruffians, with all the sturdy vices of the savage, and not one of his virtues. These *gougers* are called in the bad language of the country, *Backwoodsmen*. This is another base coinage of the American *mint of phrases*. *Woodman* is an excellent English word, and so is *Forester*, which, by the bye, would very elegantly express the idea; but what have we, in all the sturdiness of republicanism, to do with excellent English words. We are free to manufacture very foolish ones of our own; and some of our democratic dictators tell us, that no words, except French and American, have the true republican simplicity; that an English stile is naturally of a lofty aristocratical character, and should be banished from our speech and writings.

—

Learning and liberty are excellent things; but, like tea and brandy, they are extremely pernicious in the hands of the vulgar, from the mischievous use they are sure to make of them.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our new correspondent, *Atticus*, is a politician of that sect, who have done more mischief to what is called the Federal cause, than the most inveterate among the jacobins themselves. Moderate, timid, tampering, and time serving, he is that most pitiable of all possible politicians so well described by the Poet,

In *moderation* placing all his glory,
While Tories call him Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

We can have no controversy with the jacobin underlings in Politics and Literature,

For in a point, obscure and dark,
They fight as Leibnitz did with Clark;
And when no reason they can show,
Why matters this, or that way go,
The shortest way the thing they try,
And what they know not they *deny*.
True to their own o'erbearing pride,
And *false* to all *the world beside*

The communication from a writer, who calls himself *Sieyes*, is so putrid with the rottenness o democracy, and has such a horrible stench of the ulcerated lungs of a jacobin bawler, that the Aurora, the privy of Pennsylvania, is the only place in which it can be deposited.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

As near a lonely, rural cot,
A pensive Red-Breast sate,
And mourn'd in many a plaintive note
The fading verdure's fate:

'Peace to that discord on the spray,'
A paltry sparrow cry'd,
'Why wilt thou pour that ceaseless lay
'Of dissonance and pride?

'Hadst thou the Skylark's vig'rous throat,
'Or Blackbird's lofty strain,
'Well might thy rich melodious note,
'The listening ear detain.

'But know, vain Warbler, 'tis not thine
'Their music to restore,
'Summer's enlivening suns decline,
'And melody's no more.'

'Ah, me!' the modest Red-Breast said,
'That mournful truth too well,
'The drooping honours of the shade
'And gathering tempests tell.

'While yet we heard the Skylark's note,
'And Blackbird's lofty song,
'In rich melodious cadence float,
'The listening vales along.

'Did e'er my vent'rous voice aspire,
'With rash, presumptuous aim,
'To catch their animated fire,
'Or emulate their fame?

'But now no longer from the tree
'Their melting music pours;
'And, lo! the timid warblers flee,
'The desolated bowers.

'Then let me, through the lonely grove,
'Renew the plaintive strain,
'And imitate the lays I love,
'Till spring return again.'

HARLEY.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO HAD DEVIATED FROM MORAL PROPRIETY.

When virtue beaming from the star of truth,
Shed its pure radiance on the morn of youth—
When science to her shrine thy steps beguil'd,
And reason reign'd, and prosperous fortune smil'd;
When charity (in ærial robes attir'd)
Warm'd every wish, and every action fir'd;
And peace, illumin'd by reflection's ray,
Strew'd her white roses on Lothario's way.
I saw his pliant heart to wisdom giv'n,
Hail'd the fair dawn, and bless'd approving heav'n;
Yet ah! how chang'd, when treacherous pleasure smil'd,
And dissipation op'd its thorny wild.
When the dark storm was low'ring 'round thy head,
Thy reason veil'd—thy manly graces fled;
Thy firm resolves, by faithless friends betray'd,
And all thy active virtues prostrate laid.

Alas! how sad the gloomy prospect seem'd,
How faint the star that on life's morning gleam'd;
How dim the lustre which adorn'd thy youth,
When science lur'd thee by the voice of truth—
When Heav'ns pure law thy liberal spirit sway'd,
And peace, with ample recompence repaid.

Could'st thou (my friend) in wisdom's mirror view
Where false enjoyment differs from the true;
Conviction's vivid flash would glance between
Pleasure's frail form—and virtue's sacred mien.

The contrast plac'd—alas! how dark and drear,
No hopes to solace, and no friends to cheer;
No compass left, through troubled seas to guide,
Driven at the mercy of the wind and tide;
The bark, on life's tempestuous ocean tost,
Her sails all shiver'd—and her anchor lost,
(Whilst clouds involve and foaming billows break)
She floats, a dismal solitary wreck.

Reverse the scene—diffuse thy light afar,
And make celestial faith thy polar star;
Immutable as truth thy fame shall stand,
Its base supported by that powerful hand
Which bounds the sea—the starry legion guides,
Subdues the tempest, and controuls the tides.
Benignant seraphs shall thy life attend,
Thy bliss be permanent, and GOD thy friend.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON RECEIVING A MOROCCO THREADCASE FROM A FAVOURITE FRIEND.

On memory's sacred tablet placed,
Long shall affection's tribute stand;
And by Lothario's friendship graced,
Draw *sterling* value from his hand.
The bliss which grateful hearts infold,
Is dearer far than Peru's gold.

Fair industry, with stern command,
The sportive wiles of fancy crost;
Touch'd by the Muse's magic wand,
The thread was broke—the silk was lost:
The thimble on the desk was laid,
And the blanch'd holland still unmade.

By turns the needle's useful art,
And fancy's burnish'd quill preside;
But when domestic charms depart,
I gladly throw my work aside.
Rapid and smooth the moments flee,
Which smiling friendship spends with thee.

Yet, who that hears the dulcet lay,
(Soft as the whispering gale of spring;)
Would cast the warb'ling lyre away,
Or careless break the trembling string?
Ah! who would steep in chilling showers,
The chaplet wove with vernal flowers?

—

ALTERATION OF THF OLD BALLAD—

"Ye Gentlemen of England."

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has brav'd a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze;
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep thro' the deep,
While the stormy tempsts blow—
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy tempests blow!

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame
And Ocean was their grave!
Where *Blake* (the boast of freedom) fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
When the stormy tempests blow—
When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy tempests blow!

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her *home* is on the deep:
With thunders from her nat've oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow!

The meteor flag of England
Must yet terrific burn,
'Till Danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return!
Then, then, ye ocean warriors
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the tempests cease to blow—
When the fiery fight is heard no more
And the tempests cease to blow!

—

POETICAL DESCRIPTION OF JOHN M'CRICKET, AN IRISH LABOURER.

As yonder hamlet on the hill
You enter by a wicket,
Close by the fire, in ev'nings chill,
You'll find old JOHN M'CRICKET.

His countenance still looks severe,
His mind seems always muddy,
As if oppress'd with too much care,
Or moil'd with too much study.

In speech he's wond'rous sharp and short,
Yet pithy and sententious;
He cannot bear gibe, jest, or sport,
Or any thing licentious.

He dearly loves a drop of dram,
Bought at another's cost;
But looks as surly as a ram,
If scolded, bilk'd, or cross'd.

To wastefulness he ne'er inclin'd,
Like many a senseless ninny;
'Tis long since he began to find
The value of a guinea.

Yet if the voice of Fame speak truth,
There was a day when JOHN
Did play his pranks like other youth;
But that day's past and gone.

He's now as grave as any judge
That sits upon the bench;
No wag can say, "I saw him trudge
With idle rake or wench."

Let meal be cheap, or meal be dear,
Want never finds him napping;
He keeps his bag full all the year,
Whatever changes happen.

One cat is all his living stock,
Except an aged wife;
His furniture—one can, one crock,
One bed, two pots, one knife.

Two stools, two trenchers, and a bowl,
One shovel, and one spade,
The hardy tools, wherewith, poor soul!
He carries on his trade.

At morn, he rises with the lark,
Nay, often times before him;
He goes to rest when it grows dark—
Sound sleep soon hovers o'er him.

Hence, health, the friend of early hours,
His constitution strengthens;
For labour he acquires new pow'rs—
Old age itself he lengthens.

And, sure, his neighbours all may say,
When he has pass'd Death's wicket,
"We never knew one in our day
"Made ends meet like—M'CRICKET,"

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